

The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1910.

THE DAY OF DAYS.

Some say that it is the adaptation of a heathen festival; others that it was instituted in the reign of Antoninus Pius, and still others contend that it was not begun until the time of the Emperor Commodus. There is said to have been a great lack of uniformity as to the time of the celebration in the early ages, the festival being held in the months of January, April and May by various people in different regions, and one of the most particular of the commentators has proved to his own satisfaction that the 25th of December could not have been the birthday of the Christ, "for it was then the height of the rainy season in Judea and shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night in the plains." There has been much difference in the form of observing the occasion, some of the Churches celebrating the event with all the solemnity of special masses, while the dissenters, holding that it was a "human invention," "savoring of papistical will worship," adopted it as a social holiday.

Whether it was Antoninus Pius, or Commodus, whether it was of heathen extraction or Christian institution, we have not the least doubt that it is of Divine appointment; that it is God manifest in the heart of humanity, in the Jew as well as in the Gentile, and that during this blessed season it is possible for the eye of faith to discern the angels coming down out of heaven to lift up the world into harmony with the Eternal. But for the confusion of tongues, and the pride of opinion, and the influence of dogma, there would be nowhere in this world any to question the true sublimity of the great Festival celebrated this day. It was the Prophet Isaiah, the son of Amos, to whose spiritual sight was discovered this blessed era in the life of humanity, when—

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the falling together; and a little child shall lead them."

At 12 o'clock last night in Roman Catholic countries all over the world the birth of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, at Bethlehem, in Judea, was celebrated with all the solemn pomp and ceremony of ritualistic observance. At 5 o'clock this morning in the Catholic Churches of this country, and at later hours during the day in other churches throughout the world the followers of the Nazarene will bend the knee in adoration and join in anthems of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty Father for His Gift to the world, and from pole to pole, and hemisphere to hemisphere around the earth will roll the glad acclaim "Peace on earth to men of good will." On the dry land and on the sea, in the palace of the king and in the cottage of the poor, this is the one day of all days in the year, when the heart of all humanity beats in harmony with the heart of God.

According to one of the writers on the subject of Christmas the custom of making presents at this season is derived from an old heathen usage. But what does that matter? It is a beautiful custom, more honored in the observance than in the breach, a custom that will endure forever. It is hoped, because whatever the difference of race and condition, there is on this day neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, but all men are lifted up out of their ignorance and selfishness into a heartfelt appreciation of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of men.

GOOD RISKS.

According to the Baltimore Sun, Henry G. Penniman, president of the United Surety Company, of Baltimore, said some very interesting things to the men of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church at a recent meeting there. His subject was good and was from the viewpoint of the bonding companies.

He declared that in writing risks a married man is preferred to a single man and a man with children to a man without them. "When a couple have been married for several years and have no children," he said, "the wife frequently becomes extravagant and the husband may turn to dissipation; so we prefer a man with children—provided, of course, he can support his family."

That statement was one of common knowledge, but the additional declarations of President Penniman are rather startling to those who are unfamiliar with the bonding business. Though he was talking to ministers and churchmen, he said that he did not consider Sunday-school teachers as good risks. "Not that Sunday-school teachers are more prone to defalcation or embezzlement than other men," he said, "but that when a man goes wrong his tendency is to throw others off the track, and he usually turns to the Sunday-school to divert suspicion and induce a belief that he is absolutely honest."

That seems a rather sweeping statement. It may be true that some men in Sunday-schools use their work as a mask, but we believe such men to be rare exceptions. Women, Mr. Penniman went on to say, are better risks than men, and pretty apt to be honest. He also thought that a man who is a moderate drinker at 30 years of age is a better risk than a man of 30 years who never has tasted liquor. In the latter case, he explained, when the man begins to drink, even moderately, he generally overdoes it and "goes to the bad."

GOD BLESS US EVERYONE.

It would not be Christmas if we did not have it in our heart to wish for all our friends long life, abundant prosperity and a happy entrance at last into the everlasting kingdom of joy and felicity; if we could not pray sincerely for those who have despitely used us; if we could not rise above the sorrowfulness of things as they are into a just appreciation of the virtues waiting beyond the range of our present vision. It will all soon be over, this little frolic play we call life, and if this is really all, surely the game is not worth the candle. "For I reckon," said St. Paul, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

In our disposition to sermonize, however, we must not lose sight of the simple purpose of the present moment which is to wish for the President of the United States and for the Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia and all others with them in authority, for the men who have been set over the kingdoms and principalities of this earth great wisdom in the discharge of their official duties, peace throughout all their dominions, and that the laws may be administered in justice and equity. Then there is Mayor Richardson of the great City of Richmond, who must not be forgotten at this wedding time, and for him and the Council and the officers of the several departments of the municipal government, not excluding even the tax collectors and the chief of police, there is only generous thought. This we can do sincerely because it cannot be that those who read The Times-Dispatch regularly and who follow its precepts can go far wrong.

Outside of official circles, there are many for whom we would wish all possible good luck at this festive season and through the year just ahead—Henry Watterson, the Dean of the Newspaper Faculty of America, with the hope that he will get right and stay right; George Harvey, of Harper's Weekly; Don Seitz, of the New York World; James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald; Charles R. Miller, and Adolph Ochs, of the New York Times; Chester A. Lord, of the New York Sun; John A. Schleicher, of Leslie's Weekly; Rolfe Ogden and Oswald Villard, of the New York Evening Post; Tom Waring, of the Charleston Evening Post, and Lathan, Whaley and Sass, of the News and Courier; "Billy" Ball, of the Columbia State, and "Jim" Hoyt, of the Record; Colonel August Kohn, "the Columbia correspondent," Bailey, of the Houston Post, and Joe Caldwell, of the Charlotte Observer (God give him good health once more); Chaplin, of the Waterbury American, and Charles Hopkins Clark, of the Hartford Courant, and Everett Hill and Osborne, of New Haven, and Bone, of the Washington Herald, and John R. McLean, of the Post, and Richard Weightman, of the Sun, and Clark Howell and Glass and Barrett and all the rest of a splendid army of good men and true. Some of them try the patience of the people oftentimes and disfigure their opportunities; but, even when they don't know, they mean well and we wish them well.

Then there are a lot of others for whom we have nothing but forgiveness and good wishes to-day. There is "The Colonel" down in his retirement at Oyster Bay, and his associates who are still lynching around, and dear old Pinchot, who's not what he thought he was, and "old Joe" Cannon, who got caught when the tide of hypocrisy was running at the flood, and Ballinger, who has been holding on and should now get out, and Stimson, who never should have tried to do it, and the seven tightwads of Charleston, who sent a message of good cheer yesterday under a railroad man's frank rather than pay out of their own pockets for what they thought was very smart, and ever so many more, of the same kind.

Besides these, however, who deserve our special prayers and congratulations there are Dr. Hadley, of Yale, and Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, his spiritual adviser, and Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, and Dr. Graham, of Hampden-Sydney, and Dr. Tyler, of William and Mary, and Dr. Stuart McGuire, of the University College of Medicine, and all others who are making the world better to live in because of their leading; to these and a thousand other friends and those who have not or cannot or will not show themselves friendly, to all of us, near at hand and far removed, and to ourselves as well, God bless us every one. For us who are strutting for a brief space on this little stage, it will soon be over, and there will come a mist of weeping rain, and life is never the same again. Wherefore, let us make the best of it, such as it is, while it is.

BEATING UP THE WOMEN.

To some people on this side of the pond the suffragist struggles in England seem hardly more than humorous scenes; but many of the aspects of real war seem to have accompanied the recent militant outbreak of those who wish equal suffrage. Impartial testimony comes from Dr. C. Mansel Moulin, vice-president of the Royal College

of Surgeons, that women were treated with "the greatest brutality." They were pushed around in all directions and thrown down by the police; their arms were twisted until they were almost broken; their thumbs were forcibly bent back; they were tortured "in nameless ways that made one feel sick at the sight." They were beaten down brutally and crushed underfoot, attacked by bands of toughs and by officers of the law equally cruel. It must have been a horrible sight. Yet such brutality will but aid the suffragists toward success.

TRYING TO BOSS GOVERNOR DIX.

It has been only a few short weeks since the great American public was stirred to an almost desperate pitch of indignation by the New York World's denunciation of Boss Rule. The people were not to be bossed by anybody; notice was served on all bosses to move on. Roosevelt's determination to manage the affairs of New York was howled down. Murphy was told that he must make himself mighty scarce. Pinchot was held up to public contempt. Prentice and Grison and Otto Bannard and the rest were mocked at, and there was great rejoicing because the "Old Guard" had been knocked out. All the Bosses were overthrown and for the first time since the days of James Buchanan the country breathed freely because of the removal of this deadly menace to the rights and liberties of the people. But now comes this selfsame righteous fighter for the freedom of the people from the domination of the Bosses with a boss-like spirit which Roosevelt and Murphy and the rest of their sort have never had the nerve to exert. The World is out-bossing all the other Bosses big and little.

After telling Governor Dix that a change of 34,000 votes (in black type) with 150,000 disgusted Republicans staying at home, would have defeated him and the whole State ticket. The World warns him that if he shall appoint "a hack politician like Mason, to be his private secretary; and if he shall nominate his own business partner, Huppuch, to be superintendent of the banks; and if he shall permit Murphy's selection of Grady to be the leader of the State Senate without uttering a word of protest; and if he shall permit Murphy to pass on much of the important patronage of the State in the interest of Tammany politicians; and if he shall acquiesce in Murphy's personal choice of a machine politician to go to the United States Senate—all she shall do any of these things, or all of these things, then The World warns Governor Dix to reflect that he will bring about the fulfillment of Colonel Roosevelt's prophecy that Dix's election would result in the "Tammanyking of the State."

So far, Governor Dix has not done any of these dreadful things; and can do them or any of them now only at his peril. The World has spoken! We have an idea, somehow, that he will not be influenced in administering his office by any sort of Boss even by a newspaper Boss. We should be sorry for him if he could be scared by the use of ever so black type into surrendering the least bit of his authority to a journalistic master, a master that is generally right in its view of public questions, we cheerfully admit, but a master absolutely without a shred of official authority or responsibility and in no way better disposed towards the welfare of the State of New York than the man who has been elected by its people to administer their affairs.

There are Bosses and Bosses, and one of the least responsible of the lot is the Newspaper Boss. Just think what would happen if, instead of The World, Governor Dix should take for the man of his counsel and the guide of his official life Hearst's New York American, or the Commoner! Down with the Bosses!

AN HONORABLE COLLEGE.

That an institution can be controlled by a fine sense of honor, though the institution be of a truth invisible and intangible, is illustrated by the recent action of Washington and Jefferson College in rejecting a gift of forty thousand dollars because it was feared that the widow and six children of the donor really needed the money. The testator's family would have little standing, if any, in a court of law; but the college assumed that the donor had overestimated his property and would have bequeathed the college a less amount if he had known how little he would own at his death. Washington and Jefferson needs an increased endowment, just as all small colleges do, but it honors itself in refusing this gift, and is worthy of the name it bears.

THE PASSING OF NOAH'S ARKS.

The Winchester Star says: "Toys for juveniles embrace many conceptions. The boy now has the automobile, the electric train and the self-propelling airplane to amuse him on Christmas morning. The Noah's Ark of the bygone days is not so much in evidence."

Also, that Noah's Ark should pass from the joyland and toyland of the little folks! To those who can travel back over the road of memory to the days when one of these little wooden arks, with its painted wooden glances, brought unexpressed gladness in the dim dawn of a Christmas morning and will be the news that this old, favorite toy has to howl the humiliating decree of the mechanical plaything. The tin soldiers that were true to Little Boy Blue to the end were no more affectionate friends to him than the zebras, the elephants and the giraffes that came out of the ark on some blustering day. They were paraded hundreds of times, now in single file, again in columns of four, again in charging phalanxes, only to be marched back and escorted singly and somewhat drunkenly up the playground and into

the patriarchal household for the night. But the times change, and toys change with them. This is the age of mechanical wonders, of electricity and of aviation, and in the miniature mimic world of children progress and change are inevitable. In dark closets, Mr. and Mrs. Noah are abiding the doom of the years, with hearts of oak, waiting for the loving touch of a child's fingers which shall again animate the aged couple and their representative guests with life and personality.

CHARITY IN CHASE CITY.

From the Chase City Progress we learn of a very merciful act of the citizens of that town, an act evidencing a very commendable spirit of charity toward the lowly and the unfortunate.

On Monday a number of the good people of Chase City will give a Christmas dinner to the camp of convicts situated near their town. Food and money, meats and sweets, delicacies and all manner of good things to eat will be carried out to the men who wear the stripes of shame. There are forty-four of these men, and every effort will be made to make their Christmas as pleasant as possible.

Such kindness and charity will soften many a hardened heart and carry many a fast-forgetting mind back to the innocent days of childhood, reviving memories of the good and the beautiful. The true Christmas spirit abides in Chase City.

THINKS FOR "THE WORLD."

Thinking of changing the method of electing United States Senators from New York State when this office has been filled, by DeWitt Clinton, by Martin Van Buren, by Silas Wright, by Hamilton Fish, by William H. Seward, by Roscoe Conkling, by William M. Everts: These are the men The World thinks of when it contemplates the possibility of Coahan and Cram, neither of whom has been elected or stands the least chance of being elected. The World can have hysteria of the most pronounced character whenever it tries.

THE NEW AUDITOR.

General satisfaction is felt over the appointment of Captain S. R. Donohoe, of Fairfax, as Auditor of Public Accounts, as the successor of the late Colonel Mayne. The new Auditor is remembered in this city by reason of his former legislative service here as a member of the higher branch of the General Assembly, and in other ways he has been well and favorably known to the people of Virginia. As editor of the Fairfax Herald, he has been widely quoted, and the press of the State will join us in congratulating Governor Mann upon his recruiting for the public service a prominent worker from the journalistic field. Industrious, business-like, capable, conservative, fighting for the right as he sees it, Captain Donohoe will doubtless serve the Commonwealth most acceptably in the office which another resident of the Eighth District discharged so faithfully and honorably for more than a quarter of a century.

THE BAGGAGE LABEL BUSINESS.

Japan is fostering a new business of much general interest. At Yokohama a citizen of the United States, from either Connecticut or North Carolina, it matters not which, has established himself as a seller of "stickers" for trunks and suitcases. The buyer orders them by mail, affixes them to his own baggage, and saves a good deal of the costly globe-trotting that was once required to secure them. Porters in the European hotels carry on a similar business. If you had intended to go to some place, but failed to get there; if you would have gone if you had felt like it, if you felt that you ought to have gone, if you felt that you needed the label, anyway, a small fee to the porter would give you prima facie evidence that you had been to the place in question.

Suit cases can be labeled according to individual taste and fancy. In a similar manner, Swiss alpenstocks can be branded to represent any particular route desired by the prospective purchaser. Travel in such a way is made simple and a dignified front maintained. The deceptions mean nothing to the traveler, except the impression of the folks at home that the traveler has been in many places.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
 "There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke II, part of verse 7.
 By the ordering of Providence, that came to pass at Bethlehem which was to foreshadow all that has happened since. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." The Saviour of the world was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

Now that we have come to another bright Christmas Day, let us all rejoice in the birth of Christ; let us catch at once the pure and fresh simplicity of the story of Bethlehem, as if we were there to-day and all were going on just as it did so long ago.

At Bethlehem it seemed but an ordinary accident that the very limited means of accommodation in the small village had been extended as far as they would go, and therefore those who could not find room at the inn must needs seek shelter in the outbuilding. But this was preordained of God, that from His cradle to His grave His people should be commemorated to-day should be "displaced and rejected of men." Now what it behooves us to consider is this, that what occurred then undeniably has been repeated with deliberate intention ever since. That inn at Bethlehem was a type of every human heart that has ever beaten since. The lamentable truth is that while

most of us keep our hearts swept and garnished for other guests, and all the chambers filled, the poorest place is often allotted to Jesus, and thus in the world He hath made no room for God. Millions and millions of human hearts have sought to enter and been absolutely rejected. Bethlehem was unable, and too many of us are unwilling to admit Him as our guest.

Once He came as the helpless little babe, unknown, but now He comes to us in a different guise. He stands beside the door of every heart, and thus He makes His presence known: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Is He knocking at a door locked and bolted and barred, or have we thrown it wide open to give Him welcome admittance? God grant that we have given our hearts in their entirety to Him and that our sole desire is that He should abide with us forever!

It is much to be feared that this is not the case with us all. O let us try to realize who it is that knocks, and for whom we are unwilling to make room. It is the majesty and greatness of the guest that seeks admittance, the restraints which this presence lays upon us, which causes us to share the apostle's feeling when he exclaimed: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" But can we let Him seek admittance and we say we have "no room"? Let us think who it is that we should so turn away. He seeks admittance into every heart, that He may cleanse it and make it His own forever. Such an act of condescension seems incredible; but let us reflect on what the events of this day testify that He has done for the human race. God became man; the highest became the lowest; the Creator made Himself a creature; the Lord of all became despised and rejected of men! Surely in this we have a sufficient answer as to His purpose. What He has done for the race He desires to do for the individual—for you and for me.

He, the Son, God of God, Light of Light, it is who on this day laid in the manger of that stable at Bethlehem because there was no room for Him in the inn. He now seeks to make His abode in us and abide with us forever. Let us welcome Him without reserve, and His love and grace will do the rest. For His dear sake let us draw closer "each to his neighbor, all to God." Let us seek Him in meditation on the events of this holy time. Let us give up our lives to Him and beg that He will rule them. Let us give our hungry and sinful souls a Christmas leave to go to Him who is their Saviour and whom they will know if we only let them go to Him.

This is a day of joy and charity. May God make us very rich by giving us abundantly the glory of the Incarnation, the peace of Christ's kingship and the grace of Christ's salvation! The Worcester Evening Gazette realizes that a water famine is imminent in that Massachusetts town. We have feared that such would be the case after the recent election there when the saloon was voted in.

The new Senator from Georgia, Joseph M. Terrell, has caused a whole edition of the Congressional Directory to be destroyed just because in the index his name was incorrectly spelled. That sounds more like Cabot Lodge's kind than like a Georgia cracker Democrat.

Friday was the twenty-first birthday of the Roanoke World, which long ago attained its maturity among the excellent papers of Virginia. The World has our sincere congratulations and good wishes.

Elbert Hubbard sent an advertising letter to the Colonel, beginning "Dear Playmate," but it is not of record that the First Citizen of Oyster Bay replied.

Lynchburgers can take no native pride in their egg-nogs, as it is made of Roanoke "poison."

A soft-hearted woman, seeing a mail carrier loaded with his knees yesterday morning with the things people will send through the mails, exclaimed: "Why should that man be required to experience such pain for the pleasure of others?" It is a hard question, and we give it up, but it was worth asking, even if it cannot be answered.

There will be fine music and good preaching in all the churches to-day, and every pew should be filled with devout worshippers.

Let us not forget to-day the words of Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner": "He prayeth best who loveth best All things, both great and small."

That is a good sentiment to take with us throughout the New Year lying just ahead of us.

If fewer dogs were allowed the privileges of Monroe Park there would be more squirrels in that park.

A good rule for to-morrow would be a little more egg and a little less nog; because there is to be the day after to-morrow, for some of us at least.

In spite of the plotting of the mischief-makers at Washington, the President was not caught knapping when he named the Chief Justice of the new Court of Commerce. This would probably not get through the lines at any other season of the year; but much allowance must be made at Christmas time.

Seventy-five miles of new railroad that would add fourteen hundred miles of territory and 70,000 people to the trading district of Richmond would be cheap at twice one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "All aboard" for the Northern Neck!

Brother Hart, of the Farmville Herald, which is always full of spice, tells of a colored preacher who said to his congregation: "Brothren, ah! kaint



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prince hyah and bow'd in heben." This applies equally well to all newspaper editors whose subscribers won't "come across."

Justice John surely looked like Santa Claus in the flesh to the hundred prisoners whom he liberated yesterday.

Here's hoping that the turkey which Governor Mann will be served to-day in Petersburg will be the finest that can be found in Dinwiddie.

Wonder if the Colonel will have courage enough to hang up his stocking?

There are so many chickens in the colored district of Pittsburgh that the city has had to build a municipal hen-house for them. Where did they come from?

Be careful how you cut down your holly, or Gifford Pinchot'll get you!

The climate in Farmville must be as delightful as it is in Richmond. The

Farmville Herald says that "a family in town, composed of husband, wife and two children, sleep on the back porch of the home each night, and say they will move indoors when the weather gets to be wintry." Which reminds us that there is no such thing as winter in Virginia.

Many a Republican is now spending his last Christmas in Washington.

Hunting in an aeroplane must be delightful, but where does the dog get in?

Travel to Petersburg will probably be heavy on Monday.

Young men who receive gold watches to-day should wait at least a week before "hooking" them.

The fireworks sounded pretty loud yesterday, but not nearly so much so as they did in parts of the Old Dominion in the sixties.

ANCIENT KIRBY HALL SOON TO BE RESTORED

BY LA MARQUE DE FONTENAY.

LORD and Lady Maidstone, with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, have announced that they will spend a number of months in Kirby Hall, in Northamptonshire, the wonderful old country seat of Lord Maidstone's father, the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. These visits are in connection with the work of restoration which Lord and Lady Drexels are about to undertake there, with the assistance of the Drexels, who are fascinated by the beauty and old world charm of Kirby, and it is understood that Lord Winchelsea is making over to his eldest son and heir the entire Kirby Hall property. It is a magnificent old place, dating from the Tudors, subsequent additions having been made by Miss Jones, in the reign of Charles I. It originally belonged to the Earls of Stafford, and was bought during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Christopher Hatton, of Hildenbury, who is described in the deed of sale as captain of "the Queen's Majesty's Guard." He died as her Lord Chancellor, and Kirby Hall eventually passed to the Earls of Winchelsea, through the marriage of the Hon. Anne Hatton, daughter and heiress of Christopher, Viscount Hatton, to Daniel Finch, seventh Earl of Winchelsea, and second Earl of Nottingham. Considerable damage had been done by fire, the impoverishment of the Earls of Winchelsea prevented their repair of the damage, or their maintenance of the grand old place. The roofs were allowed to fall in, the windows robbed, not only of their glass, but even of their casing, the doors removed, and the place was a picture of desolation, and yet so prominent of the disintegration of the buildings, was allowed to have unchecked growth in short, the place was absolutely left to go to rack and ruin. The present Lord Winchelsea, while he has had no money to restore the place as a whole, has at least rendered a portion of the roofs watertight, and boarded up some of the windows, and taken steps to preserve the place. It would cost much more than he can afford to restore the entire place, which when renovated by the people of the past, will be one of the grandest and most stately of the old country seats of England.

About a year ago Colonel Jim Forbes' engagement was formally announced, to Miss Feridah Cavendish, daughter of Mrs. George Cavendish, Taylor, niece of Mrs. Ritchie, and closely related to the Carrolls of Carrington in one word, a very aristocratic girl. A few weeks later a notification was issued to the effect that the marriage would not take place. It seems that the question of the divorce from his first wife, Lady Angela Forbes, sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, was greatly by the courts of Edinburgh, and the point was raised as to whether Colonel Forbes was a Scotchman or an Englishman, in which latter event the Edinburgh tribunals had no jurisdiction. Accordingly, a suit was instituted in the Scotch courts, the determination of this point in which much testimony was produced to prove that the Forbeses were Scotch, through and through, the Duchess of Sutherland going into the witness box in order to swear that both her former brother-in-law, Jim Forbes, and her son, the late George Forbes, "looked Aberdeen," which was regarded as clinching the question. The court accordingly decided that Colonel Forbes is a Scotchman, as such is within the jurisdiction of the Scotch courts, and that his Edinburgh divorce from Lady Angela Forbes was valid. The point having been cleared up, his engagement to Miss Feridah Taylor has been announced afresh, and the marriage will take place very shortly. Colonel Jim Forbes, who was formerly in the Ninth Lancers, and who served with distinction in the South African War, is the son of the late George Forbes, very brilliant and popular, married the daughter of Dudley Ward, by the latter Colonel Forbes had a wonderful old wife who died as Mrs. de Fabre, and was so intimate a friend of Queen Alexandra, that she was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of the Queen's daughter, Princess Marie of Romania, married Charles Monierieff, a member of that bevy of beautiful sisters, one of whom, the Duchess of Devonshire, was married while another, now dead, was the wife of the Duke of Atholl.

Jim Forbes has always been known as one of the best looking men in London, and since leaving the army, has embarked upon a business career, and is partner in a firm connected with the Indian trade, so that he is constantly backwards and forwards between London and the East. Though he has no longer much chance of succeeding to the Forbes baronetcy and estates, his cousin, the present baronet, having no sons, the Forbes title will go to the very, yet thanks to the success of his business ventures, he is very much better off financially, speaking than when he married Lady Angela. Beside him, who threw over for his sake a statesman of high rank and great political power, Colonel Forbes has a very young wife, mainly of a financial character, the colonel taking Lady Angela with insane extravagance. Some sensational advertisements in the London Times and in other news-

papers to the effect that he would not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

It was generally expected that when Lady Angela recovered from her freedom she would wed without delay her former admirer and suitor. But the latter has never forgiven her for her treatment of him, and has purposely kept out of her way. Lady Angela is well known on this side of the water as a frequent contributor to the American press, writes for magazines and reviews, has a couple of rather startling novels to her credit and now runs a flower shop in George Street, Manchester Square, London. She is willowy, smart looking, belongs to the racing set, rides well to hounds and excels at golf and with all outdoor amusements. She walks with a peculiarly breezy, swinging gait, is very dashing, but not nearly so good-looking as her sister, the late Lady Victoria, nor as her half-sisters, Lady Algonquin Gordon Lennox and Lady Warwick.

She is often confused with Lady Helen Forbes, who has also achieved some note with her pen. Lady Helen, however, is sister of the present Earl of Craven, and her husband is Ian Forbes, late of the Gordon Highlanders. She is a very good-looking woman, of novels among the best known of which is that entitled "The Outcast Emperor." She came over here three or four years ago, and has been the purpose of getting local color for a novel dealing largely with American life, but this failure has failed to materialize. The future Mrs. Forbes, whose peculiar first name of Feridah is not, as so many people appear to believe, Irish, nor is it the distinctive of an English name of Winifred, but a Moorish, Miss Taylor having spent much of her childhood in Morocco.

Old Baroness Mathilde von Schiller's seventy-fifth birthday finds her so ill, that her death is a matter of certainty within the next few weeks. She was the childless widow of Baron Frederick Ludwig von Schiller, who died as a major in the Prussian army in 1877. He was the grandson of Germany's celebrated poet, and the latter's only descendant. The poet was the first ancestor of the German nobility in 1802. His son, Charles von Schiller, head forester to the crown of Wurttemberg, was advanced to the rank of baron by the king of Wurttemberg in 1845, and he had but one son, Baron Friedrich Louis von Schiller, of the Austrian army, who was the husband of Baroness Mathilde von Schiller, is now dying.

This dispenses of the pretensions of an adventurer in this country who styles himself "Baron Frederick Joseph von Schiller," who claims to be a great-grandson of the poet, and will amongst other things to his record, has a conviction as a deserter from the United States army. In fact, it should be thoroughly well understood that there is to-day no living descendant of the poet in existence, the only remaining link with the bard being the old Baroness Mathilde von Schiller. There is another family of the same name who bear the title of baron, but it is an Austrian one, the Tyrolese family of great antiquity, and does not style itself Schiller, but Klekler-Schiller, or Herdern. It has been established for several hundred years in the Tyrol, and has the Austrian title of baron, and its sole representative is Baron Friedrich Klekler-Schiller von Herdern, who makes his home at Trieste. His family has no connection, even of the most remote character, with that of the poet.

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